

It

is

an



fitness



World!

Manga Sketchbook® Inc. Highway
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It's



an

Endless

World!

...WAS
MY
FATHER?

HEY...
WHAT
KIND OF
PERSON...

...IS OF ONE
MOMENT.
HE AND MY
MOTHER,
DANCING
TOGETHER
HAPPILY...

THE
ONLY
REAL
MEMORY
I HAVE
OF HIM...



THAT'S
ALL
I CAN
REMEMBER...



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TRANSLATION / KUMAR SIVASUBRAMANIAN
LETTERING / STEVE DUTRO

EDEN

HIROKI
ENDO 遠藤浩輝

It's an Endless World!

Chapter 1 / Prologue

YEAH.
THIS TIME
I'M GOING
TO TRY
PLANTING
CABBAGE.

ARE YOU
TRYING
TO GROW
A GARDEN
OUTSIDE
AGAIN?



...MAKES
ME FEEL
CONNECT-
ED TO
SOMETHING
OTHER
THAN
MYSELF.

THE
PLEASURE
OF
GARDEN-
ING AND
GROWING
VEGE-
TABLES...



TAKING
CARE OF
PLANTS
INSIDE THE
MODULE IS
HARD
ENOUGH, BUT
YOU LIKE
DOING THIS,
DON'T YOU?

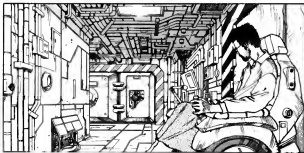
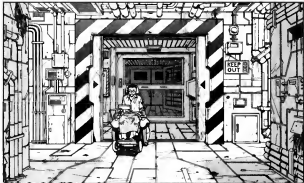
YEP.

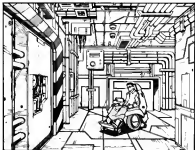
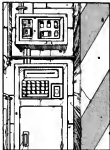


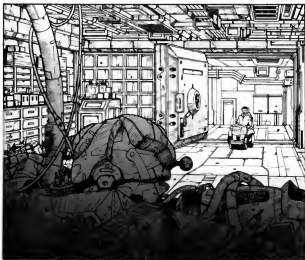














SOME-
BODY HAD
TO TAKE
THE FALL
FOR WHAT
HAPPENED

DON'T
HATE
ME.









JUST
LEFT
HERE.

A DEAD
BODY IN ITS
HARDENED
STATE...THAT
NO ONE'S
REMOVED.

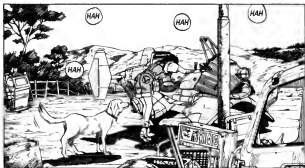


SPURCH

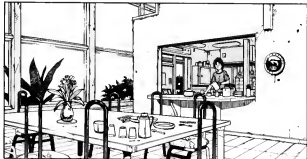
HOW
BEAUTIFUL

AND IT
LOOKS
LIKE SHE'S
COATED
WITH
CRYSTAL











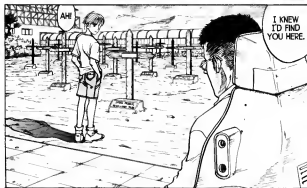
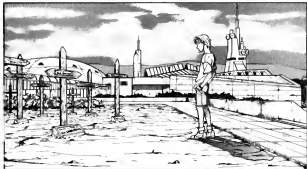


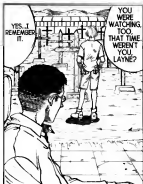
















...WAS MY FATHER?

WHAT KIND OF PERSON...



...BUT OF COURSE CHRIS WASN'T GAY.

YES...



YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH MY FATHER, WEREN'T YOU?

IT'S HARD TO PUT IN WORDS.



...A HERO.

HE WAS A DEAR FRIEND... AND, AT THE SAME TIME...









PLEASED
TO
MEET
YOU.

AND THIS
IS MY AIDE
AND CHIEF
OF TECHNOLOGY,
LIEUTENANT
MAYER.



THE
NAME'S
LINDA
ORRICK.

THIS IS
MY WIFE.
SHE'S WITH
THE WHO.

WHO: WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION

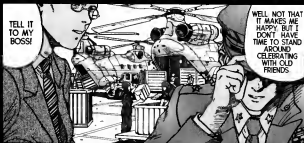


I
COULDN'T
STAGE A
COMEBACK
EMPTY-
HANDED!

IT'S PRETTY
SHREWD THAT
YOU MADE
IT BACK...AND
FOUND A WIFE
ALONG THE
WAY.



CHRIS, I HEARD
YOU'D GONE
MISSING AFTER BEING
DISPATCHED TO
ALBANIA AS PART
OF THE UNITED
NATIONS PROTECTION
FORCE.



TELL IT
TO MY
BOSS!

WELL, NOT THAT
IT MAKES ME
HAPPY, BUT I
DON'T HAVE
TIME TO STAND
AROUND
CELEBRATING
WITH OLD
FRIENDS.



THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE CURRENT PANDEMIC HAS INCREASED TENSIONS BETWEEN NATIONS.

WE ALSO HAVE REPORTS OF FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLY DISTRIBUTION BEING AFFECTED BY RACIAL AND ETHNIC DISCRIMINATION.

IN WESTERN ASIA AND AFRICA... RACIAL, ETHNIC, AND REFUGEE PROBLEMS ARE WORSENING. SOME NATIONS HAVE COME FORWARD, ASKING TO BE PUT UNDER UN TRUSTEESHIP.



WE HAVE NO INFORMATION LEADING TO THAT CONCLUSION FROM USAMRIID. EVEN IF WE DID, THERE'D BE NO WAY TO CONFIRM IT.

THAT'S NEGATIVE.

WHAT ABOUT THE RUMORS THAT IT'S A BIOHAZARD OUTBREAK RESULTING FROM SOME COUNTRY'S BIOCHEMICAL WEAPONS DEVELOPMENT?

MAJOR CHRIS BALLARD REGARDING THIS STRANGE NEW VIRUS...



USAMRIID: UNITED STATES ARMY MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES

BIOHAZARD: DISASTER CREATED BY MICROORGANISMS



NO.



IN OTHER WORDS, DESPITE THE FACT THAT WE ARE NOW FACED WITH A COMMON THREAT TO ALL OF MANKIND...



...



THIS PLACE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CIVILIAN FACILITY



THIS DISEASE IS NO MORE COLLAGEN DISORDER

COLLAGEN DISORDERS: IMMUNE DISORDERS IN WHICH FIBERS OF SKIN, MUSCLE, AND JOINT CONNECTIVE TISSUES INCREASE, OFTEN LEADING TO DIFFICULTY IN MOVEMENT. CAUSES ARE UNKNOWN, BUT AUTOMUNISM IS SUSPECTED. EXAMPLES: PSYRIASIS, SCLERODERMA, SCLERODERMA



DON'T
FEEL
BAD.



THE
TRUTH IS,
MILITARY
HIGH COM-
MAND...

...MAKES
ME SICK
TOO.



I CAN
UNDER-
STAND
HIS
FEELINGS.

MY BOSS
JUST ISN'T
TOO KEEN
ON LETTING
THE MILITARY
WALK AWAY
WITH THE
UPPER HAND.

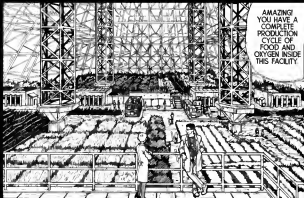


THEY SIPHON
OFF AS MUCH
FROM THE
DEFENSE
BUDGET AS
POSSIBLE TO
PAY FOR
THEIR OWN
EXORBITANT
SALARIES

THEY SEND THEIR
SPIES AROUND THE
WORLD TO ENGINEER
"MANAGEABLE CRISES"
OF TERRORISM AND
ELECTRONIC WARFARE...
AND WHATEVER ELSE







AMAZING!
YOU HAVE A
COMPLETE
PRODUCTION
CYCLE OF
FOOD AND
OXYGEN INSIDE
THIS FACILITY.



DURING
OUR MAIDEN
EXPERIMENTS
IN 1991, OUR
ENTIRE STAFF
WAS WHITE,
WHICH WAS A
BIT OF A
PROBLEM.

THE PEOPLE
WHO WORK
HERE ARE
OF EVERY
NATIONALITY,
RACE, AND
GENDER.



IT WAS
PRETTY TOUGH
DURING THE
EARLY
EXPERIMENTS...
BUT NOW
WE'VE GOT
RULES TO KEEP
EVERYTHING
RUNNING
SMOOTHLY.

DON'T YOU
HAVE ANY
TROUBLES
WITH
EVERYONE
LIVING
TOGETHER
HERE?



YOU HAVE
EVERY GREAT,
BLACK SOUL
ARTIST FROM
THE LAST
CENTURY!

YOU'VE GOTTA
BE KIDDING! I
NEVER THOUGHT
ANYONE WOULD
ACTUALLY BRING
THEIR ENTIRE
RECORD
COLLECTION
HERE WITH
THEM!



I HAVEN'T
CHANGED
MUCH
SINCE HIGH
SCHOOL

WOW,
I GIVE
UP.

AND IT'S ALL
ANALOG? I'M
SUPPOSED TO
BELIEVE THIS?
IN THIS DAY
AND AGE?



...ENDED
UP
FOLLOWING
THE
SAME
PATH IN
LIFE.

WE
GREW UP
IN THE
SAME
TOWN,
WENT TO
THE SAME
SCHOOL.

YEAH.

I GUESS
YOU AND
CHRIS ARE
BOTH STILL
KIND OF
CHILDLIKE.





WHAT
KIND
OF PLACE
DID YOU
GROW
UP IN?

...



HOW DOES
THAT MAKE
YOU THE
SAME? IT
MUST'VE
EVEN MADE
YOU SICK, RIGHT?

BUT THEN
HE WENT
AND JOINED
THE ARMY,
WHILE YOU
STAYED
BEHIND IN A
UNIVERSITY
LAB.



DIFFICULT

WELL,
WHEN YOU
COME OUT
OF THE
CLOSET IN
A SMALL
TOWN LIFE
CAN BE...



IF
PEOPLE'D
BEEN NICER
TO EACH
OTHER
AND LESS
VIOLENT, IT
WOULD'VE
BEEN A
GREAT
PLACE
TO LIVE

THE
KIND OF
COUNTRY
TOWN YOU
FIND
EVERYWHERE.



VIOLENT?



THEY USED
TO CALL HIM
TAGGOT
FRIEND,
AND THAT
WAS ENOUGH
TO GET US
BOTH BEATEN
UP

BUT WHEN CHRIS
FOUND OUT I
WAS GAY, HE
NEVER...NOT
ONCE...THOUGHT
ABOUT BREAKING
OFF OUR
FRIENDSHIP.



...BUT
CHRIS
NEVER
FOUGHT
BACK.

IT HAPPENED
EVERY TIME
AFTER HIGH
SCHOOL GYM
CLASS...



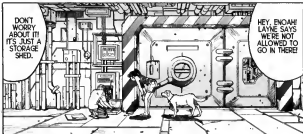
...HE
WOULD
JUST
CONSTANTLY
GIVE
THEM THE
FINGER.

INSTEAD,
WHenever
THEY WERE
BEATING
US UP...



HE
WAS MY
HERO.

I HAD
NO BETTER
FRIEND
IN THE
WORLD.



THIS PLACE
IS FULL OF
USELESS JUNK.
DISCS THAT
HAVEN'T
BEEN TOSSED
OUT—

WHOA...



THAT
THING?
BET IT
DOESN'T
WORK
ANYMORE.

IS
THIS
JUNK
TOO?



I WONDER
IF IT'S
TRUE THAT
IT WENT
BERSERK?

ONCE, WHEN
I WAS A KID,
I SAW IT
WORKING...





AH!
FOUND
IT!

I HEARD IT
WAS JOINTLY
DEVELOPED
BY ISRAEL AND
MIT, AND IT'S
EQUIPPED
WITH A
MILITARY
AI--

IT WAS
ORIGINALLY
FOR
MILITARY
USE,
RIGHT?

MIT MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

AI ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE



HLH?

HAHA...



IT WILL IF
I FIX IT UP.
CAN YOU
SEE IF THE
RECORD IS
IN THERE?

THAT
RECORD
PLAYER?
DOES IT
REALLY
WORK?



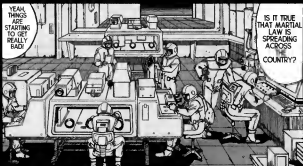
GOT
IT?

WASN'T IT
CURTIS
MAYFIELD?

WAS IT...
AN OTS
RECORDING
ONE?







YEAH, THINGS ARE STARTING TO GET REALLY BAD!

IS IT TRUE THAT MARTIAL LAW IS SPREADING ACROSS COUNTRY?



...IS SIMILAR TO HIV. HOWEVER...

AND THE WAY IT ATTACKS THE IMMUNE SYSTEM...



LOOKING AT THIS, IT SEEMS LIKE A TYPICAL RNA RETROVIRUS CONTAINING REVERSE TRANSCRIPTASE DOESN'T IT?

OKAY, THIS IS THE SKIN-HARDENING VIRUS.

RNA (RIBONUCLEIC ACID) IS MADE OF ACID SUGAR ALONG WITH DNA. STORES GENETIC INFORMATION FOR LIVING BEINGS.

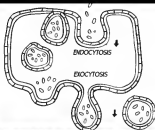


...CAUSING THE SYSTEM TO RUN AMOK.

...UNLIKE AIDS WHICH RESULTS FROM HIV, THIS VIRUS INVOKES AN OVER-COMPENSATION FROM THE IMMUNE SYSTEM...

RETROVIRUS: A TYPE OF RNA VIRUS WHICH USES RNA FOR ITS GENETIC MATERIAL. LEADERS FOR EXAMPLE, SPENDING TRANSCRIPTASE, AN ENZYME WHICH RECOMPOSES DNA BASED ON AN RNA MOLE.

BASICALLY, THE EUKARYOTIC CELLS BECOME UNABLE TO PERFORM EITHER ENDOCYTOSIS OR EXOCYTOSIS.



THE IMMUNE SYSTEM ENDS UP SHUTTING OUT TOO MUCH OF THE "OUTSIDE WORLD" IN ORDER TO PROTECT ITSELF.

EUKARYOTIC CELLS (COMPLEX CELLS IN WHICH INTERNAL MATERIAL IS ORGANIZED INTO MEMBRANE-BOUND NUCLEI)

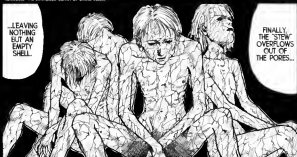
THE AFFECTED CELLS LOSE THE ABILITY TO INTERNALLY METABOLIZE, AND THE HEART AND BRAIN UNDERGO NECROSIS, BECOMING A MUSHY STEW.



THE CELLS ENTER A LOCK-OUT STATE AND THE SKIN LITERALLY GROWS A HARD, CALLEDUS OUTER LAYER.

NECROSIS: THE LOCALIZED DEATH OF LIVING CELLS.

...LEAVING NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY SHELL.



FINALLY, THE "STEW" OVERFLOWS OUT OF THE PORES...

PHAGOCYTOSIS AND EXOCYTOSIS: THE CONSUMPTION OF INTERNAL MATERIAL AND THE REMOVAL OF INTERNAL MATERIAL FROM A CELLULAR MEMBRANE. ALLOWS A DELICATE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE



WHERE IT
CAME FROM...
WHERE IT
SPREAD...

WE
DON'T
KNOW
IF IT'S
AIRBORNE
OR
PASSED
THROUGH
BODILY
FLUIDS.



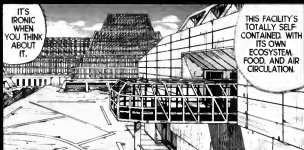
THE
PROBLEM
IS...WE
CAN'T
IDENTIFY THE
SOURCE, THE
ROUTE OF
INFECTION,
OR ITS
MEDIUM.

IT'S LIKE
A VISIBLE,
PHYSICAL
VERSION OF
AUTISM.



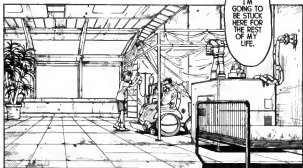
THAT'S
HARDLY
ENOUGH
TO BEGIN
WORK ON A
VACCINE.

WE'VE
BARELY
MANAGED
TO IDENTIFY
THE VIRUS!



IT'S
IRONIC
WHEN
YOU THINK
ABOUT
IT.

THIS FACILITY'S
TOTALLY SELF-
CONTAINED, WITH
ITS OWN
ECOSYSTEM,
FOOD, AND AIR
CIRCULATION.



IMMUNOGLOBULIN: A TYPE OF PROTEIN WHICH ACTS AS AN ANTIBODY.





BUT
HUMANS ARE
SOFT AND
UNSTABLE.
VULNERABLE...

THE MORE
MATTER
SETTLES,
THE HARDER
IT GETS,
LIKE A
MINERAL.

...BECAUSE
THEY
DON'T
SETTLE.



IF
ANYTHING,
WE
EXIST TO
ADAPT.

QUICK
TO
ADAPT.

THAT
MAKES
US
FLEXIBLE,
THOUGH.



...IT'S
ABOUT
WRECKING
HUMANITY.

IT'S NOT
ABOUT
RUINING
THE ECO-
SYSTEM.

...IS A
NATURAL
CHECK
AGAINST
MANKIND
FALLING
INTO AN
EVOLU-
TIONARY
DEAD
END.

THIS
VIRUS
...

YOU'VE TAKEN
IN THE GENES
OF THE VIRUS'S
DNA AND
COEXIST ALONG
WITH IT.

YOU
TWO ARE
DIFFERENT.



...THE
VIRUS HAS
GIVEN YOU
A GIFT. A
NEW SET
OF GENES.

WHAT
I MEAN
IS...



...AND
SUR-
VIVE.

YOU CAN
EVOLVE
INTO
"A NEW
SPECIES"...



...AND
USING
THEM TO
EVOLVE IS
THE VERY
MEANING
OF
EXISTENCE.

TAKING
IN NEW
THINGS...



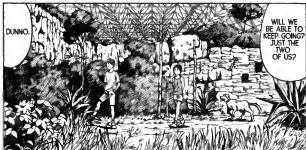


LAYNE ...



YEAH.





DUNNO.

WILL WE
BE ABLE TO
KEEP GOING?
JUST THE
TWO
OF US?



IT'S NOT
LIKE WE HAVE
SUPERPOWERS
OR ANYTHING.

THE ONLY
THING WE'VE
GOT IS THAT
WE CAN
COEXIST
WITH THE
VIRUS.



...WE'RE
LITTERLY
POWERLESS.

JUST LIKE
EVERY OTHER
HUMAN
THAT'S COME
BEFORE US...





NOPE.

ARE
YOU IN
CONTACT
WITH YOUR
FAMILY?



WE'RE
ALL TOO
HARD-
HEADED.

YOU'RE
STILL
NOT ON
SPEAKING
TERMS
THERE?



...HOW
DID YOU
END UP
RUNNING
AROUND
LIKE A
SPY?

YOU DON'T
WORK
FOR THE
CIA, SO...



CAN I
ASK
YOU
SOME
THING?

WHAT
??

CHRIS
?





LINDA WAS
ABDUCTED
BY ISLAMIC
FUNDAMENTALIST
GUERRILLAS

WHEN
UNPROFOR
PULLED OUT
OF ALBANIA,
EVERYTHING
WENT CRAZY.

UNPROFOR (UNITED NATIONS PROTECTION FORCE)



"IN
EXCHANGE,
FROM
NOW ON,
YOU'LL
COOPERATE
WITH US."

THEY
SAID,
"WE'LL
RESCUE
YOUR WIFE
AND GET
HER TO
GREECE."



"I WAS
INTRO-
DUCED TO
MEMBERS
OF AN
"ORGANIZA-
TION."

THEN,
THROUGH
A FRENCH
OFFICER...



SO I'M
INDEBTED
TO THEM.

WITHOUT THEIR
HELP, LINDA
WOULDN'T HAVE
COME BACK
ALIVE. ENOAH
WOULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN
BORN, YOU
SEE.















SA (SUBSUNPTION ARCHITECTURE) IS A BOTTOM UP LEARNING SYSTEM IN WHICH A ROBOT IS GIVEN A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF DATA BEFORE BEING RELEASED INTO AN ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH IT WILL GRADUALLY ADAPT.



HANNAH'S
ALWAYS
MAKING
FUN OF
ME FOR
IT.

YEAH,
BUT THAT'S
WHAT I'M
STUCK
WITH.

ISN'T
ENNOIA
SUPPOSED
TO BE A
GIRL'S
NAME?

ENNOIA: THE GHOSTLY GODDESS OF THOUGHT, THE EMBOODIMENT OF THOUGHT ITSELF.



YES.

IS
YOUR
DATA
INTACT?

AND
MY NAME
WAS THE
ENTRY
CODE.
CAN YOU
BELIEVE
IT?

ANYWAY,
THESE DISCS
TURNED OUT
TO ACTUALLY
BE YOUR
SYSTEM
BACKUP...



A BUG
WAS SET
LOOSE IN
MY FRAME
PROGRAM BY
AN ARMY
OFFICER
WHO
SNAPPED.

WHY WAS
YOUR PRIMARY
DATA REMOVED
AND SEALED
WITH A
PASSWORD?









...JUST
WANT
US TO
DIE OUT
QUETLY,
RIGHT?

I MEAN
THE EARTH
AND OUR
LORD...



MAYER
!!





AND
THEY DON'T
HAVE ANY
PERSONNEL
IN SUCH A
REMOTE
AREA.

THEY'VE
GOT
THEIR
OWN
PROBLEMS.



CHRIS.

...



ANY
REPLY
FROM
WASHINGTON?

MORRIS



...OF THE
VIRUS.

I'VE GOT
THE RESULTS
YOU ASKED
FOR ON THE
ID TEST...



...IS A NATURAL
MUTATION OF
A VIRUS
WHICH LEAKED
OUT OF
THE U.S. ARMY'S
BACTERIOLOGY
LAB IN FORT
DETICK.

THIS VIRUS,
WHICH
HAS NOW
SPREAD
ACROSS THE
GLOBE...



...FIFTY
PERCENT
EFFECT-
IVE.

IT'S NOT
PERFECT
YET. IT'S
ABOUT...

THE VACCINE?



CAN
YOU
PROVE
THIS?

...



NOW
THAT I'VE
GOT THIS
TEST
DATA.

I
CAN.



I'LL MEET
WITH THE
HEADS OF
PROPATER.

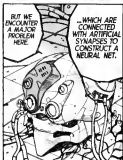
THAT'S
PLENTY. GIVE
ME THE
VACCINE AND
THE DATA.
AND I'LL GET
OUT OF
HERE...





I DO NOT KNOW.

...



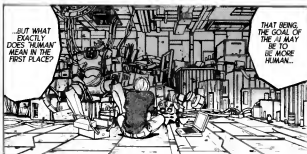
BUT WE ENCOUNTER A MAJOR PROBLEM HERE.

...WHICH ARE CONNECTED WITH ARTIFICIAL SYNAPSES TO CONSTRUCT A NEURAL NET.



THEREFORE A FRAME IS BUILT WHICH MIMICS THE NEURAL CIRCUITRY OF THE HUMAN BRAIN. THE FRAME IS DIVIDED INTO MODULES AND COLUMNS.

THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF ANY AI IS TO "APPROACH HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS."



...BUT WHAT EXACTLY DOES "HUMAN" MEAN IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THAT BEING THE GOAL OF THE AI MAY BE TO BE MORE HUMAN...



IN
ORDER
TO
MAKE UP
HUMAN
INTELLI-
GENCE...



THIS IS A
QUESTION WHICH
NEITHER
SCIENTISTS NOR
PHILOSOPHERS
HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO ANSWER.

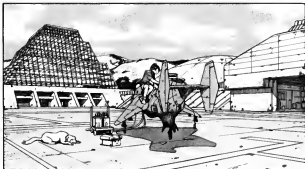


THE NEED
CAME TO
IMITATE A
HUMAN IN ITS
TOTALITY, AND
I WAS
CONSTRUCTED.



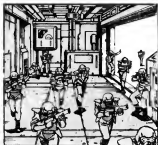
CURRENTLY, I
HAVE NO BODY.
WITHOUT A
COMPLETE FRAME
SYSTEM, I AM
UNABLE TO
VERIFY MY
SURROUNDINGS.

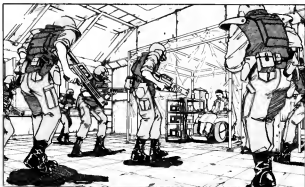


























WHEN THE ORGANIZATION FREED ME, I WAS ALMOST DEAD FROM THE INTERROGATIONS AND THE INFECTION!



MY BODY IS MOSTLY A MACHINE NOW, EXCEPT FOR MY BRAIN.

...

GIVING VACCINE INJECTIONS ONLY TO YOURSELF.



...YOU BECAME THE SURROGATE PARENT FOR THOSE TWO KIDS.



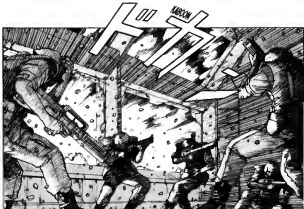
AND WHILE I WAS GETTING TURNED INTO THIS AND TRYING DESPERATELY TO PULL THROUGH...

...SO YOU COULD BUILD YOUR OWN SAFE LITTLE PARADISE OUT HERE ALL FOR YOURSELF?

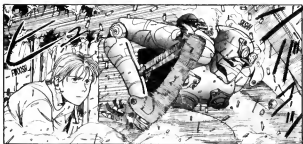


YOU TURNED A BLIND EYE TO THE END OF THE WORLD...



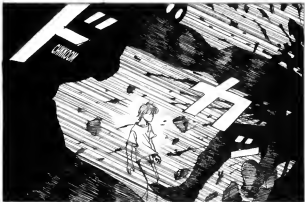




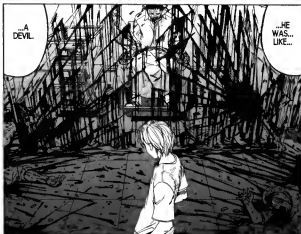












...A
DEVIL.

...HE
WAS...
LIKE...



AND
THEN
I—

IT
WOULD'VE
BEEN
BETTER IF
HE WERE
LIKE GOD.

--COULD
BE LIKE
ADAM.



WHAT
IS IT,
ENOAH?

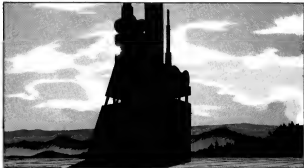


HEY,
CHERUBIM!





...THAT'LL
BE MY
ROLE TO
PLAY.













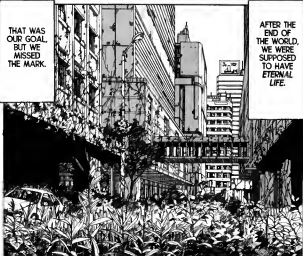






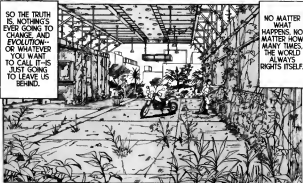
THAT WAS
OUR GOAL,
BUT WE
MISSED
THE MARK.

AFTER THE
END OF
THE WORLD,
WE WERE
SUPPOSED
TO HAVE
ETERNAL
LIFE.



SO THE TRUTH
IS, NOTHING'S
EVER GOING TO
CHANGE, AND
EVOLUTION--
OR WHATEVER
YOU WANT
TO CALL IT--IS
JUST GOING
TO LEAVE US
BEHIND.

NO MATTER
WHAT
HAPPENS, NO
MATTER HOW
MANY TIMES,
THE WORLD
ALWAYS
RIGHTS ITSELF.

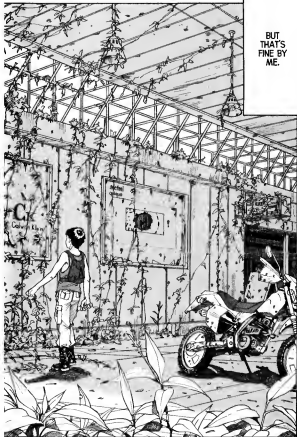


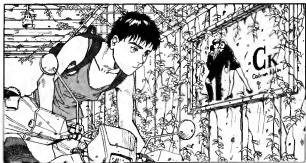
I THINK IT'S
JUST FINE. THE
WORLD IS THE
WAY IT ALWAYS
IS IN THE
MORNING
AFTER WAKING
FROM A
NIGHTMARE.

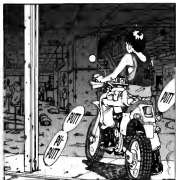


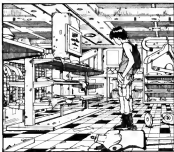
Chapter 2 / Twenty Years Later

BUT
THAT'S
FINE BY
ME.









GOT ONE!



IF I CAN
FIND ONE
STILL
SEALED IN
PLASTIC...



IT FITS!
IT FITS!

COOL!

SMELLS
A BIT
MOLDY,
THOUGH...



HAAAA...





BUILT BY
HUMANS SO
THEY COULD
LIVE THEIR
LIVES AS
THEY DESIRED.

CITIES.



DEVELOPING
"NATURALLY."





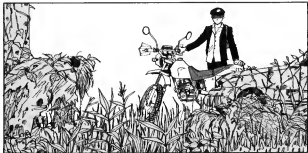




IT
PREVENTS
HUMANS
FROM
LIVING
AS THEY
DESIRE.

NATURE.





LEFT HERE
IN THE
ELEMENTS
WITHOUT
DECOMPOSING.

IT'S
MADE OF
VINYL AND
PLASTIC.



POP,
FANCY,
KITSCH,
TRASHY.

BUT I
REALLY
LOVE IT.

THE
MATERIAL
FEELS
ARTIFICIAL.
THE
COLORING
IS
CHEAP.



!

A LONG
TIME AGO,
PEOPLE USED
WORDS LIKE
THESE TO
TALK ABOUT
SUCH
PRODUCTS...
I THINK.







I LIKE
EATING
MEAT...
TOO...

CARNI-
VORES.



...



...THAT I
CAN LEAD
A FULL
LIFE IN THE
WILD ON
MY OWN.

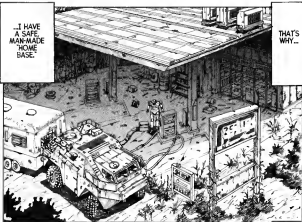
CR

OF
COURSE,
THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN...

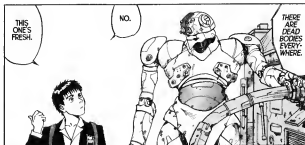


...I HAVE
A SAFE,
MAN-MADE
"HOME
BASE."

THAT'S
WHY...

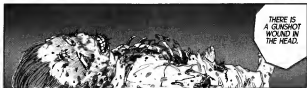
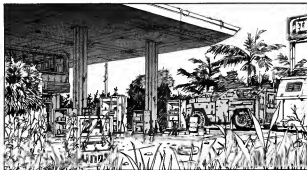














IT'S PROBABLY
BEEN ONE
OR TWO
DAYS.

IT'S DIFFICULT
TO SAY EXACTLY,
CONSIDERING THE
SEVERITY OF THE
DAMAGE TO
THE REMAINS.
BUT...

CAN YOU
TELL ABOUT
HOW LONG
SINCE HE
DIED?



IF
YOU
WERE
THE
ONE
THAT
KILLED
HIM,
THEN
YES.

EVEN
THEN,
WOULD
YOU
JUST
THROW
AWAY A
DEAD
BODY?



MEANING
THERE'S
SOMEONE
ELSE STILL
HERE?



...WE
LIKELY
PASSED
EACH
OTHER,
AND
THEY'RE
NOW
GONE

SINCE WE
HAVEN'T
DETECTED
SIGNS OF
ANY OTHER
HUMAN
LIFE...

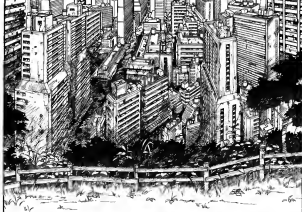


HIS POCKETS
ARE EMPTY,
AND THERE IS
NOTHING ON
HIS PERSON THAT
WOULD ESTABLISH
HIS IDENTITY.

HE'S EVEN
YOUNGER
THAN ME...





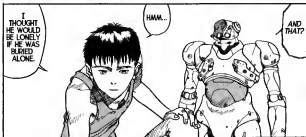






...WANT TO
FEEL THAT
MY EXISTENCE
IN THIS
WORLD IS
SPECIAL.

EVEN
L...



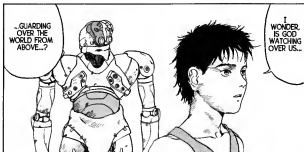
I
THOUGHT
HE WOULD
BE LONELY
IF HE WAS
BURIED
ALONE.

HAM...

AND
THAT?







...I DON'T
THINK I
WOULD'VE
MADE THE
WORLD
LIKE
THIS.

IF I
WERE
GOD...

I
WOULDN'T
BE ABLE
TO COME
UP WITH
ANY NEW
OR BETTER
IDEAS.

BUT IF I
WAS ASKED,
"WELL, WHAT
KIND OF
WORLD
WOULD
YOU MAKE,
THEN...?"

Chapter 3
Cruel World,
Cruel Me



...AND
WE'VE STILL
GOT A
LONG ROAD
AHEAD...

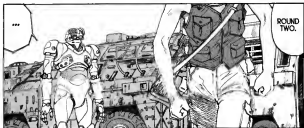
WE'VE
STARTED
TO HIT
THE END OF
THE FOOD
SUPPLIES
WE'VE
BROUGHT
WITH US...

















THE BEETLE
LARVAE
WON'T KEEP,
AND THEY'RE
HARD TO
GET...SO I
GIVE UP ON
THEM.

WE CAN
PRESERVE THE
COCONUT
FRUIT AND
PAPAYA
IN SALT.



WHAT DO
YOU CARE?
YOU ONLY
HAVE
TO EAT
BATTERIES!

BUT
YOU'LL
LACK
PROTEIN.



...YOU
DON'T
MINCE
WORDS,
DO YOU?

BUT
YOU HAVE
NEITHER
THE SKILLS
NOR THE
KNOWLEDGE
TO DO SO
CORRECT?



I'LL
HAVE TO
SERIOUSLY
GO
HUNTING
TOMOR-
ROW.

AH, NO
AVOIDING
IT.







ARGH!



THERE
AREN'T
EVEN ANY
WILD
DOGS
AROUND
TODAY.

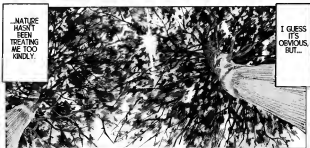


MAYBE THEY
REALLY CAN
SENSE THE
DESIRE TO
KILL?



THIS
SUCKS!

I'VE BEEN
WALKING
AROUND ALL
MORNING AND
HAVEN'T CAUGHT
A SINGLE BIRD.



I STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT
MEANS
EXACTLY.



"BE KIND
WITHOUT END
TO THOSE
DEAR TO YOU,
BE CRUEL
WITHOUT END
TO THOSE WHO
AREN'T, AND
FINALLY YOU'LL
BE A MAN."

BOY, IT
WOULD BE
GREAT IF I
COULD GET A
GIRLFRIEND
SOON!



AND THEN, IF
EVERYONE
IN THE WORLD
COULD DO
THE SAME
AND BE HAPPY,
THAT'D BE
GREAT.



I'D LIKE
TO FIND A
CUTE AND
GENTLE
GIRL AND
FALL
IN LOVE

WE'D MAKE
TONS OF
KIDS AND
LIVE ON
LOVING AND
BEING LOVED...
♡

LOVELY

GURGLE

GURGLE

AND THEN,
EVERY NIGHT,
SHE AND I
WOULD OX&OO
AND □△△
ALL NIGHT
LONG!



FOR
THOSE
DAYS!

WELL
THEN...



GROWWW



...

...

...

even on 3
days



...I'LL
END UP
DYING OF
STARVA-
TION.

IF I
SPEND MY
TIME HERE
DAY-
DREAMING...

...POWER-
LESS,
UNABLE
TO TAKE
CARE OF
MYSELF.

I DON'T
WANT TO
GO ON
LIKE THIS...



...WAS MY
MOTHER.

THE ONLY
ONE WHO
EVER LOVED
ME, EVEN
IN THAT
STATE...



I WISH
SHE WAS
STILL
WITH ME.

MY
MOTHER...





ONE'S SKILL
IS NOT IN HOW
FAR AWAY YOU
CAN SHOOT A
TARGET FROM.
IT'S ABOUT
HOW CLOSE
YOU CAN GET
TO YOUR PREY.



I READ
SOMETHING
SOMEWHERE
ONCE ABOUT
HUNTING.



BEEN
ENDURING
THE
MOSQUITOES
AND ANTS
FOR AN
HOUR...



AT THIS
RANGE,
I'M
PERFECT.

I
PRACTICED
ON EMPTY
CANS...





I
WAS SO
SURE OF
MYSELF!

I
PRACTICED
SO
MUCH!



GUH--!!



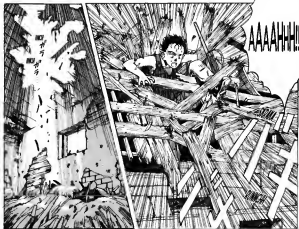
WHAT
HAP-
PENED?!

WHAT?!



HUH?

KOACH



BIG
TALKING,
NO
TALENT.
USELESS...

IDIOT!
MORON!
BONEHEAD!
DUMBBELL!
OCTOPUS!
POTATO!



BUT AM I
GOING TO
BE ABLE
TO GET IT
OUT
MYSELF?

UUGGG

THE
BONE...ISN'T
BROKEN.





THAT'S IT--
FROM NOW
ON, I'M
GONNA
BE A
VEGETARIAN!

EATING
MEAT IS
CRUEL
AND
BARBARIC
ANYWAY!









...A PARENT BIRD WILL SOMETIMES PRETEND THAT IT'S WEAK IN ORDER TO ACT AS A DECOY AND PROTECT ITS CHICKS.





ONE: I FORGET ABOUT IT AND WALK AWAY.
TWO: I KILL THE CHICKS TOO.
THREE: I BRING THEM HOME WITH ME AND WIPE AWAY MY GUILT BY RAISING THEM MYSELF.



SO WHAT THE HECK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?



I GET THE IMPRESSION SOMEHOW THAT THIS WORLD HAS BEEN SCREWED UP SINCE DAY ONE



SO I
GUESS YOU
CHOSE
OPTION
NUMBER 1
RIGHT?



I THINK
THAT
WOULD
BE MOST
RATIONAL,
CORRECT?

RAISED AS
LIVESTOCK,
THEY MAY
HAVE EVEN
GIVEN YOU
EGGS.



WHY
DIDN'T
YOU
DECIDE
ON
NUMBER 3?

YEAH...



YEAH.

BUT...

...



...I
COULDN'T
THINK
ABOUT
ANYTHING
EXCEPT
MYSELF.

...I WAS
TIRED. MY
LEG HURT,
AND I
WAS SO
HUNGRY...



WELL, IT
WOULD BE
GREAT IF I
COULD GET A
GIRLFRIEND
SOON!

HMM?



...I WOULD
BECOME
EVEN
MORE
CRUEL FOR
SURE.

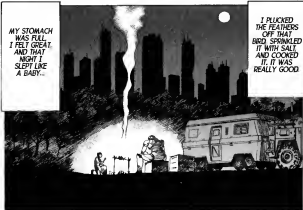
?

IN ORDER
TO PROTECT
HER, IN
ORDER TO
ENSURE HER
HAPPINESS...



MY STOMACH
WAS FULL,
I FELT GREAT,
AND THAT
NIGHT I
SLEPT LIKE
A BABY...

I PLUCKED
THE FEATHERS
OFF THAT
BIRD, SPRINKLED
IT WITH SALT,
AND COOKED
IT. IT WAS
REALLY GOOD.





...I POUR
A TEA
FOR ONE
AND
HAVE A
NICE, LONG
DRINK.

EVERY
MORNING,
AFTER I
WAKE UP...



BUT--



--THAT
AINT
GONNA
HAPPEN
THIS
MORNING.





Chapter 4 / Emotions

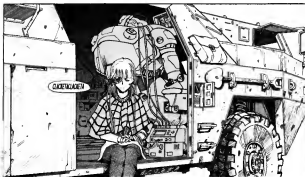


WHY
DONT
THEY
JUST
TRY TO
KILL ME...?

WHO
ARE
THESE
PEOPLE?!









NEURAL NET: AN INFORMATION SYSTEM, NOT NECESSARILY CENTRALIZED IN A BRAIN, CREATED BY A COMPLEX NETWORK OF NEURONS, SIMILAR TO AN ANATOMICAL CHAOS: THE PROGRESSION OF ENERGY INTO A STATE OF CHAOS DUE TO RANDOM COLLISIONS AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL.







...TO END
UP WITH A
STARE THAT
DANGEROUS
??

WHAT DO
YOU HAVE
TO GO
THROUGH...



...YOUNG
ELIJAH...

NOW,
THEN...



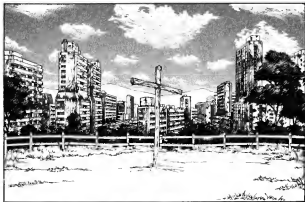




















HUH?
OH...

I DON'T
GET IT.
WHAT WAS
HE TO
HER?



HE
WAS HER
EIGHTH
CHILD.

THAT
KID YOU
BURIED.

HUH?!



SHE
DOESN'T
LOOK IT,
BUT SHE'S
FORTY-ONE.

MM...

K-KIDS?!
B-BUT SHE'S
STILL ONLY...



...AND TRADED
THE REST
IN FOR A
MECHANICAL
BODY.

THE THING IS,
FIVE YEARS AGO
SHE KEPT HER
BRAIN, SPINAL
CORD, AND
HEART...



AFTER
POPPING OUT
ALL THOSE
KIDS, SHE
SWITCHED TO
AN ARTIFICIAL
PREPUBESCENT
BODY.

--AGAINST
THE RULES!!

SHE HAD
A GREAT
HOBBY,
YOU ASK
ME.



BUT THAT'S--



YES!



FIND
IT?

COLONEL!



BUT IT
FELT LIKE
SHE WAS
COMMITTING
SOME KIND
OF TABOO
ACT.

カチン カチン カチン カチン カチン
カチン カチン カチン カチン カチン

...

HOW
CONVENIENT
TO BE ABLE
TO JUST
FORGET
IN AN
INSTANT.





IF THAT'S
THE CASE
YOU'LL
HAVE TO--

THEY CERTAINLY
WOULD HAVE
BEEN EASY TO
COPY, GIVEN THAT
THEY WERE
SIMPLY ENCODED.

IF YOU
WANT HIM
OFFED...

I'M NOT
GETTING
INVOLVED
WITH THE
KID, ALL
RIGHT?

COLONEL

THEN
GET ~~THE~~ IT
TO DO IT!





...BUT AFTER
SOME TIME HAS
PASSED, TIME
TO TAKE IT
ALL IN, THERE'S
A POINT WHEN IT
ALL BECOMES A
QUIET KIND
OF JOY.

OF COURSE IT'S
A PAIN WHEN I
END UP DOING
OR SAYING
THINGS I DON'T
EVEN UNDERSTAND
MYSELF, BUT...



...

SO, I
LOVE
FEELING
EMOTIONS.

"JOY" AND
"SADNESS"
ARE BOTH
EQUAL
EMOTIONS,
RIGHT?



...BEFORE
BUDGET
RESTRAINTS
TAKE THAT
ABILITY AWAY
FROM YOU

KENJI, YOU
SHOULD CRY
WHenever
YOU CAN...





MAYBE
SOPHIA
KNEW
ABOUT
ALL OF
IT.

I MADE
COPIES.
AND I
HID THEM
HERE.



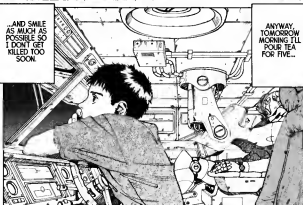
...THEN
I GUESS
I'M DEAD
FOR SURE,
HUN?

IF SHE
EXPOSES
ME...



...AND SMILE
AS MUCH AS
POSSIBLE SO
I DON'T GET
KILLED TOO
SOON.

ANYWAY,
TOMORROW
MORNING I'LL
POUR TEA
FOR FIVE...





HEY,
BIG
SISTER!

I'M
STARTING
TO GET
OLDER LIKE
YOU NOW!

Bonus Story / Day Dream







publisher

MIKE RICHARDSON

editor

PHILIP SIMON

collection designer

DAVID NESTELLE

art director

LIA RIBACCHI

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EDEN Volume 1

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AFTERWORD

You stroll into a bookstore. Obviously, since it's a bookstore, it's overflowing with books. You head to the manga section, and the sheer volume is astounding. When you find the erotic manga corner, you're surprised that so many varieties of porno manga exist. You get a little dizzy thinking about what the total weight of all the energy of all these fantasies, expressions, imaginings, and emotions must be.

Moving along, you hit the music shop next. It's the same as the bookstore, spilling over with a mind-boggling number of discs. In the rock music section, most of the music sounds similar, but still dissimilar enough to let you notice and point out specific styles. It's the same with manga. They're all "manga," but there are plenty of differences to allow for genres and sub-genres.

Back at home, you stare at your own CD rack and realize that there's not a single thing that you want to listen to. You might have hundreds of CDs, but there's nothing in your collection that exists as a projection of the emotions you're feeling right now, nothing to serve as a device to pull your emotions from you and make them greater.

This will never end. You've been going in and out of bookstores and music shops for years, looking for that one book that will let you say, "I'll never need another book again," or that one record that will let you say, "Now I can throw away all my others." But that one, elusive book or record simply doesn't exist. Sure, every once in a while something new and "inventive" will come out, and you'll feel that you finally have something that reflects your emotions. Then, soon afterwards, your emotions spill over again, beyond what the work represents, overflowing from a work of art which is not big enough to contain them or connect to them anymore. But, you know what? This is to be expected. How

could something that someone else created ever really "reach" you?

As I was watching *Evangelion*, up until about the fourteenth episode, I remember thinking, "Ahh! Everything I've always wanted to do has been done! I don't have to do anything anymore! Anno and his crew have done it all for me!" But about a month after the final broadcast, I became aware that, as usual, my own feelings had spilled over from what they had been during the *Eva* series. The final episode was not unsatisfying. I smiled fully. But, in the end, I still couldn't say, "I'll never need another anime again." Of course, there are always those who will make anime parodies and "fan anime" of this series, trying to harness their overflowing emotions to create their own stories out of a desperate need to reconnect, trying to create something whole out of what they found lacking in *Eva*, trying to make the pieces fit better for themselves to complete something which wasn't theirs to complete in the first place. I guess everyone's the same in that way, when we think about how we'd change something to make it "better" or actually try to create something better.

Eden was one part of my attempt to reconnect with my overflowing feelings. From art patched together comes more patched-together art. It's the same thing over and over.

BUT ... in these always-incomplete, patchwork things, there are good things worth repeating and exploring further. I believe in these patchwork creations, as long as they give joy, excitement, laughter, and something to believe in. I have realized that, as long as emotions overflow from my work, but still flow through me, I'm not losing anything.

—Hiroki Endo March 16, 1998

(Translation by Michael Gornbein and Kumar Swastubromantary)



遠藤浩輝

EDEN VOLUME 1

Hiroki Endo

Eden is both a brilliant love song to the post-apocalyptic survival genre and an exploration on humanity's role in the natural order. When a large portion of civilization is wiped out by a brutal new virus, those who aren't immune are either severely crippled or live only with cybernetically enhanced or entirely mechanical bodies. Taking advantage of a world in chaos, the paramilitary Propater forces topple the United Nations and seek global domination. In this cutthroat, cyberpunk future, Elijah—a young boy on a personal quest—travels with an artificially intelligent combat robot through a pitiless, futuristic landscape.

Hiroki Endo's *Eden* is a garden of violence, pathos, and philosophy, where endearing, unique heroes face a constant struggle for survival and harsh surprises wait around every corner!

This collection is translated into English but oriented in right-to-left reading format, as originally published

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HIDEN

It's an Endless World!



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